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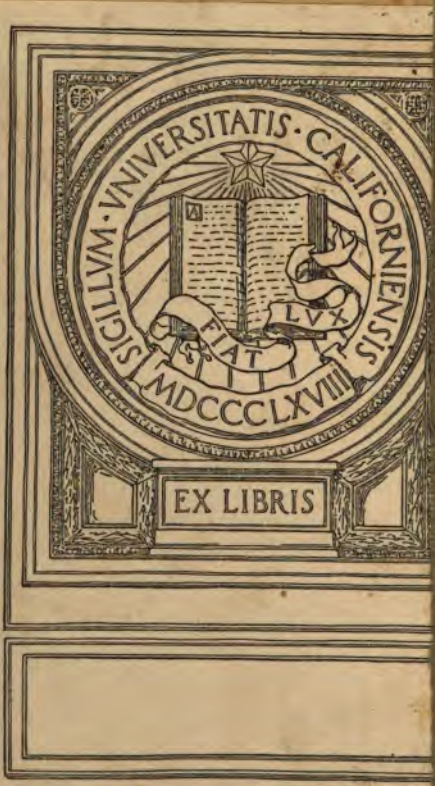
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THE

Thomas Moore

POETICAL WORKS

OF THE LATE

THOMAS LITTLE, Esq. pseud.

Thomas Moore

"

LUSISSE PUDET. HORACE.

DUBLIN:

Printed by William Folds,

FOR

WILLIAM M'KENZIE, 33, COLLEGE-GREEN.

1801.

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1801

PREFACE

BY THE EDITOR.

THE Poems which I take the liberty of publishing were never intended by the Author to pass beyond the circle of his friends. He thought, with some justice, that what are called Occasional Poems must be always insipid and uninteresting to the greater part of their readers. The particular situations in which they were written, the character of the author and of his associates, all these peculiarities must be known and felt before we can enter into the spirit of such com-

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positions. This consideration would have always, I believe, prevented Mr. LITTLE from submitting these trifles of the moment to the eye of dispassionate criticism; and if their posthumous introduction to the world be injustice to his memory, or intrusion on the public, the error must be imputed to the injudicious partiality of friendship.

Mr. LITTLE died in his one-and-twentieth year; and most of these Poems were written at so early a period, that their errors may claim some indulgence from the critic: their author, as unambitious as indolent, scarce ever looked beyond the moment of composition; he wrote as he pleased, careless whether he pleased as he wrote. It may likewise be remembered, that they were all the productions of an age when the passions very often give a colouring too warm to the

imagination; and this may palliate, if it cannot excuse, that air of levity which pervades so many of them. The "aurea legge, "s'ei piace ei lice," he too much pursued, and too much inculcates. Few can regret this more sincerely than myself; and if my friend had lived, the judgment of riper years would have chastened his mind, and tempered the luxuriance of his fancy.

Mr. LITTLE gave much of his time to the study of the amatory writers. If ever he expected to find in the ancients that delicacy of sentiment and variety of fancy which are so necessary to refine and animate the poetry of love, he was much disappointed. I know not any one of them who can be regarded as a model in that style; Ovid made love like a rake, and Propertius like a schoolmaster. The mythological allusions of the

latter are called erudition by his commentators; but such ostentatious display, upon a subject so simple as love, would be now esteemed vague and puerile, and was even in his own times pedantic. It is astonishing that so many critics have preferred him to the pathetic Tibullus; but I believe the defects which a common reader condemns have been looked upon rather as beauties by those erudite men, the commentators, who find a field for their ingenuity and research in his Grecian learning and quaint obscurities.

Tibullus abounds with touches of fine and natural feeling. The idea of his unexpected return to Delia, "Tunc veniam subito,"* &c. is imagined with all the delicate ardour

* Lib. i. Eleg. 3.

of a lover; and the sentiment of " nec te " posse carere velim," however colloquial the expression may have been, is natural, and from the heart. But, in my opinion, the Poet of Verona possessed more genuine feeling than any of them. His life was, I believe, unfortunate; his associates were wild and abandoned; and the warmth of his nature took too much advantage of the latitude which the morals of those times so criminally allowed to the passions. All this depraved his imagination, and made it the slave of his senses: but still a native sensibility is often very warmly perceptible; and when he touches on pathos, he reaches the heart immediately. They who have felt the sweets of return to a home from which they have long been absent, will confess the beauty of those simple, unaffected lines:

O quid solutis est beatius curis!
Cum mens onus reponit, ac peregrino
Labore fessi venimus Larem ad nostrum,
Desideratoque acquiescimus lecto. CARM. xxxii.

His sorrows on the death of his brother are the very tears of poesy; and when he complains of the ingratitude of mankind, even the inexperienced cannot but sympathize with him. I wish I were a poet; I should endeavour to catch, by translation, the spirit of those beauties which I admire* so warmly. It seems to have been peculiarly the fate of Catullus, that the better and more valuable part of his poetry has not reached us; for there is confessedly nothing in his extant works to authorize the epithet

* In the following Poems, there is a translation of one of his finest Carmina; but I fancy it is only a schoolboy's essay, and deserves to be praised for little more than the attempt.

"doctus," so universally bestowed upon him by the ancients. If time had suffered the rest to escape, we perhaps should have found amongst them some more purely amatory; but of those we possess, can there be a sweeter specimen of warm, yet chastened description, than his loves of Asme and Septimius; and the few little songs of dalliance to Lesbia are distinguished by such an exquisite playfulness, that they have always been assumed as models by the most elegant modern Latinists. Still, I must confess, in the midst of these beauties,

Medio de fonte leporum
Surgit amari aliquid, quod in ipsis floribus angat.*

It has often been remarked, that the ancients knew nothing of gallantry; and we

* Lucretius.

are told there was too much sincerity in their love to allow them to trifle with the semblance of passion. But I cannot perceive that they were any thing more constant than the moderns; they felt all the same dissipation of the heart, though they knew not those seductive graces by which gallantry almost teaches it to be amiable. Wotton, the learned advocate for the moderns, deserts them in considering this point of comparison, and praises the ancients for their ignorance of such a refinement; but he seems to have collected his notions of gallantry from the insipid fadeurs of the French romances, which are very unlike the sentimental levity, the "grata protervitas," of a Rochester or a Sedley.

From what I have had an opportunity of observing, the early poets of our own lan-

guage were the models which Mr. Little selected for imitation. To attain their simplicity (ævo rarissima nostro simplicitas) was his fondest ambition. He could not have aimed at a grace more difficult of attainment;* and his life was of too short a date to allow him to perfect such a taste; but how far he was likely to have succeeded, the critic may judge from his productions.

I have found, among his papers, a novel, in rather an imperfect state, which, as soon as I have arranged and collected it, shall be submitted to the public eye.

* It is a curious illustration of the labour which simplicity requires, that the Ramblers of Johnson, elaborate as they appear, were written with fluency, and seldom required revision; while the simple language of Rousseau, which seems to come flowing from the heart, was the slow production of painful labour, pausing on every word, and balancing every sentence.

Where Mr. LITTLE was born, or what is the genealogy of his parents, are points in which very few readers can be interested. His life was one of those humble streams which have scarcely a name in the map of life, and the traveller may pass it by without inquiring its source or direction. His character was well known to all who were acquainted with him, for he had too much vanity to hide its virtues, and not enough of art to conceal its defects. The lighter traits of his mind may be traced perhaps in his writings; but the few for which he was valued live only in the remembrance of his friends.

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POEMS,

&c.

TO

JULIA,

IN ALLUSION TO SOME ILLIBERAL CRITICISMS.

WHY, let the stingless critic chide
With all that fume of vacant pride,
Which mantles o'er the pedant fool,
Like vapour on a stagnant pool!
Oh! if the song, to feeling true,
Can please the' elect, the sacred few,
Whose souls, by Taste and Nature taught,
Thrill with the genuine pulse of thought—
If some fond feeling maid like thee,
Thee warm-ey'd child of Sympathy,
Shall say, while o'er my simple theme
She languishes in Passion's dream,
" He was, indeed, a tender soul—
" No critic law, no chill control,

"Should ever freeze, by timid art,
"The flowings of so fond a heart!"
Yes, soul of Nature! soul of Love!
That, hovering like a snow-wing'd dove,
Breath'd o'er my cradle warblings wild,
And hail'd me Passion's warmest child!
Grant me the tear from Beauty's eye,
From Feeling's breast the votive sigh;
Oh! let my song, my memory find
A shrine within the tender mind;
And I will scorn the critic's chide,
And I will scorn the fume of pride,
Which mantles o'er the pedant fool,
Like vapour on a stagnant pool!

TO

A LADY:

WITH SOME MANUSCRIPT POEMS.

ON LEAVING THE COUNTRY.

WHEN, casting many a look behind,
I leave the friends I cherish here,
Perchance some other friends to find,
But surely finding none so dear:

Haply the little simple page,
Which votive thus I've trac'd for thee,
May now and then a look engage,
And steal a moment's thought for me.

But oh! in pity let not those
Whose hearts are not of gentle mould,
Let not the eye that seldom flows
With feeling tear, my song behold.

For trust me, they who never melt
With pity, never melt with love;
And they will frown at all I've felt,
And all my loving lays reprove.

But if, perhaps, some gentler mind,
Which rather loves to praise than blame,
Should in my page an interest find,
And linger kindly on my name;

Tell him,—or, oh! if gentler still,
By female lips my name be blest;
Ah! where do all affections thrill
So sweetly as in woman's breast?

Tell her, that he whose loving themes
Her eye indulgent wanders o'er,
Could sometimes wake from idle dreams,
And bolder flights of fancy soar;

That Glory oft would claim the lay,
And Friendship oft his numbers move;
But whisper then, that, "sooth to say,
"His sweetest song was giv'n to Love!"

TO
MRS. ———.

IF, in the dream that hovers
Around my sleeping mind,
Fancy thy form discovers,
And paints thee melting kind;

If joys from sleep I borrow,
Sure thou'lt forgive me this;
For he who wakes to sorrow,
At least may dream of bliss!

Oh! if thou art, in seeming,
All that I've e'er requir'd;
Oh! If I feel, in dreaming,
All that I've e'er desir'd;

Wilt thou forgive my taking
A kiss, or——something more?
What thou deny'st me waking,
Oh! let me slumber o'er!

TO THE LARGE AND BEAUTIFUL

MISS ——.

IN ALLUSION TO SOME PARTNERSHIP IN A LOTTERY SHARE.

IMPROMPTU.

—— Ego pars —— VIRGIL.

IN wedlock a species of lottery lies,
Where in blanks and in prizes we deal;
But how comes it, that you, such a *capital prize*,
Should so long have *remain'd in the wheel?*

If ever, by Fortune's indulgent decree,
To me such a ticket should roll;
A *sixteenth*, Heav'n knows! were sufficient for *me*,
For what could I do with the *whole?*

TO

JULIA.

WELL, Julia, if to love, and live
'Mid all the pleasures love can give,
Be crimes that bring damnation;
You—you and I have giv'n such scope
To loves and joys, we scarce can hope,
In heav'n, the least salvation!

And yet, I think, did Heav'n design
That blisses dear, like yours and mine,
Should be our own undoing;
It had not made my soul so warm,
Nor giv'n you such a witching form,
To bid me dote on ruin!

Then wipe away that timid tear,
Sweet truant! you have nought to fear,
Though you were whelm'd in sin;
Stand but at heaven's gate awhile,
And you *so like an angel* smile,
They can't but *let you in*.

INCONSTANCY.

AND do I then wonder that Julia deceives me,
When surely there's nothing in nature more common;
She vows to be true, and while vowing she leaves me—
But could I expect any more from a woman?

Oh! woman, your heart is a pitiful treasure,
And Mahomet's doctrine was not too severe,
When he thought you were only materials of pleasure,
And reason and thinking were out of your sphere.

By your heart, when the fond sighing lover can win it,
He thinks that an age of anxiety's paid;
But, oh! while he 's blest, let him die on the minute—
If he live but a *day*, he 'll be surely betray'd.

IMITATION OF CATULLUS.*

TO HIMSELF.

Miser Catulle, desinas ineptire, &c.

CEASE the sighing fool to play;
Cease to trifle life away;
Nor vainly think those joys thine own,
Which all, alas! have falsely flown!
What hours, Catullus, once were thine,
How fairly seem'd thy day to shine,
When lightly thou didst fly to meet
The girl, who smil'd so rosy sweet—
The girl thou lov'dst with fonder pain
Than e'er thy heart can feel again.
You met—your souls seem'd all in one—
Sweet little sports were said and done—
Thy heart was warm enough for both,
And hers, indeed, was nothing loath.

* Few poets knew better than Catullus what a French writer calls

——la delicatesse
D'un voluptueux sentiment;

but his passions too often obscured his imagination. E

Such were the hours that once were thine,
But, ah! those hours no longer shine;
For now the nymph delights no more
In what she lov'd so dear before;
And all Catullus now can do,
Is to be proud and frigid too;
Nor follow where the wanton flies,
Nor sue the bliss that she denies.
False maid! he bids farewell to thee,
To love, and all love's misery.
The hey-day of his heart is o'er,
Nor will he court one favour more;
But soon he 'll see thee droop thy head,
Doom'd to a lone and loveless bed,
When none will seek the happy night,
Or come to traffic in delight!
Fly, perjur'd girl!—but whither fly?
Who now will praise thy cheek and eye?
Who now will drink the syren tone,
Which tells him thou art all his own?
Who now will court thy wild delights,
Thy honey kiss, and turtle bites?
Oh! none.—And he who lov'd before
Can never, never love thee more!

EPIGRAM.*

YOUR mother says, my little Venus,
There's *something not correct* between us,
And you 're in fault as much as I:—
Now, on my soul, my little Venus,
I think 't would not be right, between us,
To let your mother tell a lie!

TO

JULIA.

THOUGH Fate, my girl, may bid us part,
Our souls it cannot, shall not sever;
The heart will seek its kindred heart,
And cling to it as close as ever.

But must we, must we part indeed?
Is all our dream of rapture over?
And does not Julia's bosom bleed
To leave so dear, so fond a lover?

* I believe this epigram is originally French. E.

Does *she* too mourn?—Perhaps she may,
Perhaps she weeps our blisses fleeting.
But why is Julia's eye so gay,
If Julia's heart, like mine, is beating?

I oft have lov'd the brilliant glow
Of rapture in her blue eye streaming.—
But can the bosom bleed with woe,
While joy is in the glances beaming?

No, no! yet, love, I will not chide,
Although your heart *were* fond of roving:
Nor that, nor all the world beside,
Could keep your faithful boy from loving.

You 'll soon be distant from his eye,
And, with you, all that 's worth possessing.
Oh! then it will be sweet to die,
When life has lost its only blessing!

SONG.

SWEET seducer! blandly smiling,
Charming still, and still beguiling!
Oft I swore to love thee never,
Yet I love thee more than ever!

Why that little wanton blushing,
Glancing eye, and bosom flushing?
Flushing warm, and wily glancing,
All is lovely, all entrancing!

Turn away those lips of blisses—
I am poison'd by thy kisses!
Yet, again, ah! turn them to me:
Ruin's sweet, when they undo me!

Oh! be less, be less enchanting,
Let some little grace be wanting;
Let my eyes, when I 'm expiring,
Gaze awhile, without admiring!

NATURE'S LABELS.

A FRAGMENT.

IN vain we fondly strive to trace
The soul's reflection in the face;
In vain we dwell on lines and crosses,
Crooked mouth, or short proboscis;
Boobies have look'd as wise and bright
As Plato or the Stagirite;
And many a sage and learned skull
Has peep'd through windows dark and dull!
Since then, though art do all it can,
We ne'er can reach the inward man,
Nor inward woman from without—
(Though, Ma'am, you *smile*, as if in doubt)
I think 'twere well if Nature could
(And Nature could, if Nature would)
Some pretty, short descriptions write
On tablets large, in black and white,
Which she might hang about our throttles,
Like labels upon physic-bottles.
There we might read of all—but stay—
As learned dialectics say,
The argument most apt and ample
For common use, is the example:

For instance, then—if Nature's care
Had not arrang'd those traits so fair,
Which speak the soul of Luey L-nd-on,
This is the label she'd have pinn'd on:

LABEL FIRST.

Within this vase there lies enshrin'd
The purest, brightest gem of mind!
Though Feeling's hand may sometimes throw
Upon its charms the shade of woe,
The lustre of the gem, when veil'd,
Shall be but mellow'd, not conceal'd.

Now, Sirs, imagine, if you're able,
That Nature wrote a second label.
They're her own words—at least suppose so—
And boldly pin it on Pomposo.

LABEL SECOND.

When I compos'd the fustian brain
Of this redoubted Captain Vain,
I had at hand but few ingredients,
And so was forced to use expedients.
I put therein some small discerning,
A grain of sense, a grain of learning;
And when I saw the void behind,
I fill'd it up with—froth and wind!

* * * * * *

TO

MRS. ———.

SWEET lady! look not thus again;
Those little pouting smiles recall
A maid remember'd now with pain,
Who was my love, my life, my all!

Oh! while this heart delirious took
Sweet poison from her thrilling eye,
Thus would she pout, and lisp, and look,
And I would hear, and gaze, and sigh!

Yes, I did love her—madly love—
She was the sweetest, best deceiver!
And oft she swore she'd never rove;
And I was destin'd to believe her!

Then, Lady, do not wear the smile
Of her whose smile could thus betray.
Alas! I think the lovely wile
Again might steal my heart away.

And when the spell, that stole my mind,
On lips so pure as thine I see,
I fear the heart which she resign'd
Will err again, and fly to thee!

SONG.

WHY, the world are all thinking about it,
And as for myself, I can swear,
If I fancied that heav'n were without it,
I'd scarce feel a wish to go there.

If Mahomet would but receive me,
And Paradise be as he paints;
I'm greatly afraid, God forgive me!
I'd worship the eyes of his saints.

But why should I think of a trip
To the Prophet's seraglio above,
When Phillida gives me her lip,
As my own little heaven of love!

Oh! Phyllis, that kiss may be sweeter
Than ever by mortal was given;
But your lip, love, is only St. Peter,
And keeps but the key to your heaven!

TO

JULIA.

MOCK me no more with Love's beguiling dream,
A dream, I find, illusory as sweet:
One smile of friendship, way of cold esteem,
Is dearer far than Passion's bland deceit!

I've heard you oft eternal truth declare;
Your heart was only mine, I once believ'd.
Ah! shall I say that all your vows were air;
And must I say, my hopes were all deceiv'd!

Vow, then, no longer that our souls are twin'd,
That all our joys are felt with mutual zeal,
Julia! 'tis pity, pity makes you kind,
You know I love, and you would seem to feel.

But shall I still go revel in those arms
On bliss, in which affection takes no part?
No, no! farewell! you give me but your charms,
When I had fondly thought you gave your heart!

IMPROMPTU.

LOOK in my eyes, my blushing fair!
Thou'lt see thyself reflected there,
And as I gaze on thine, I see
Two little miniatures of me.
Thus in our looks some propagation lies,
For we *make babies* in each other's eyes!

TO

ROSA.

DOES the harp of Rosa slumber?
Once it breath'd the sweetest number!
Never does a wilder song
Steal the breezy lyre along,
When the wind, in odours dying,
Wooes it with enamour'd sighing.

Does the harp of Rosa cease?
Once it told a tale of peace
To her lover's throbbing breast—
Then he was divinely blest!

Ah! but Rosa loves no more,
Therefore Rosa's song is o'er,
And her harp neglected lies;
And her boy forgotten sighs.
Silent harp—forgotten lover—
Rosa's love and song are over!

SYMPATHY.

TO

JULIA.

—— Sine me sit nulla Venus. SULPICIA.

OUR hearts, my love, were doom'd to be
The genuine twins of Sympathy,
They live with one sensation,
In joy or grief—but most in love,
Our heart-strings musically move,
And thrill with like vibration.

How often have I heard thee say,
Thy vital pulse shall cease to play
When mine no more is moving!
Since now to feel a joy *alone*
Were worse to thee than feeling none—
Such sympathy in loving!

And, oh! how often in those eyes,
Which melting beam'd, like azure skies
In dewy vernal weather;
How often have I raptur'd read
The burning glance, that silent said,
"Now, love, *we feel together!*"

PIETY.

SUE, the pretty nun,
Prays with warm emotion;
Sweetly rolls her eyes
In love or in devotion!

If her pious heart
Softens to relieve you,
She gently shares the fault
With, "Oh! may God forgive you!"

TO

JULIA.

I SAW the peasant's hand unkind
From yonder oak the ivy sever;
They seem'd in very being twin'd,
Yet now the oak is fresh as ever.

Not so the widow'd ivy shines,
Torn from its dear and only stay;
In drooping widowhood it pines,
And scatters all its blooms away!

Thus, Julia, did our hearts entwine,
Till Fate disturb'd their tender ties:
Thus gay indifference blooms in thine,
While mine, deserted, droops and dies!

TO

MRS. ———.

——— amore
In canuti pensier si disconvene. GUARINI.

YES, I think I once heard of an amorous youth
Who was caught in his grandmother's bed;
But I own I had ne'er such a liquorish tooth
As to wish to be there in his stead.

'Tis for you, my dear Madam, such conquests to make,
Antiquarians may value you high,
But, I swear, I can't love for antiquity's sake,
Such a poor virtuoso am I.

I have seen many ruins all gilded with care,
But the cracks were still plain to the eye;
And I ne'er felt a passion to venture in there,
But turn'd up my nose, and pass'd by!

I perhaps might have sigh'd in your magical chain,
When your lip had more freshness to deck it;
But I'd hate even Dian herself *in the wane*,
She might then *go to hell for a Hecate!*

No, no! when my heart's in these amorous fahits,
Which is seldom, thank Heaven! the case;
For by reading the *Fathers* and *Lives of the Saints*,
I keep up a stock of good grace.

But then 'tis the creature, luxuriant and fresh,
That my passion with ecstacy owns;
For indeed, my dear Madam, though fond of *the flesh*,
I never was partial to *bones!*

ON THE

DEATH OF A LADY.

SWEET spirit! if thy airy sleep
Nor sees my tears, nor hears my sighs,
Oh! I will weep, in luxury weep,
Till the last heart's-drop fill mine eyes.

But if thy sainted soul can feel,
And mingles in our misery;
Then, then, my breaking heart I'll seal,
Thou shalt not hear one sigh from me!

The beam of morn was on the stream,
But sullen clouds the day deform:
Thou wert, indeed, that morning beam,
And death, alas! that sullen storm.

Thou wert not form'd for living here,
For thou wert kindred with the sky;
Yet, yet we held thee all so dear,
We thought thou wert not form'd to die!

TO

JULIA.

SWEET is the dream, divinely sweet,
When absent souls in fancy meet!
At midnight, love! I'll think of thee;
At midnight, love! oh! think of me;

Think that thou giv'st thy dearest kiss,
And I will think I feel the bliss.
Then, if thou blush, that blush be mine,
And if I weep, the tear be thine!

TO ——.

CAN I again that form caress,
Or on that lip in rapture twine?
No, no! the lip that all may press
Shall never more be press'd by mine.

Can I again that look recall,
Which once could make me die for thee?
No, no! the eye that burns on all
Shall never more be priz'd by me!

WRITTEN IN THE BLANK LEAF

OF A

LADY'S COMMON-PLACE BOOK.

HERE is one leaf reserv'd for me,
From all thy sweet memorials free;
And here my simple song might tell
The feelings thou must guess so well.
But could I thus, within thy mind,
One little vacant corner find,

Where no impression yet is seen,
Where no memorial yet has been,
Oh! it should be my sweetest care
To *write my name* for ever *there!*

SONG.

AWAY with this pouting and sadness,
Sweet girl! will you never give o'er?
I love you, by Heaven! to madness,
And what can I swear to you more?
Believe not the old women's fable,
That oaths are as short as a kiss;
I'll love you as long as I'm able,
And swear for no longer than this.

Then waste not the time with professions,
For *not* to be blest when we can
Is one of the darkest transgressions
That happen 'twixt woman and man.
Pretty moralist! why thus beginning
My innocent warmth to reprove?
Heav'n knows that I never lov'd *sinning*—
Except little sinnings in love!

If swearing, however, will do it,
Come, bring me the calendar, pray—
I vow, by that lip, I'll go through it,
And not miss a saint on my way.
The angels shall help me to wheedle,
I'll swear upon every one
That e'er danc'd on the point of a needle,*
Or rode on a beam of the sun!

Oh! why should Platonic control, love,
Enchain an emotion so free?
Your soul, though a very sweet soul, love,
Will ne'er be sufficient for me.
If you think, by this coldness and scorning,
To seem more angelic and bright,
Be an angel, my love, in the morning,
But, oh! *be a woman to-night!*

* I believe Mr. Little alluded here to a famous question among the early schoolmen: "How many thousand angels could dance on the point of a very fine "needle, without jostling one another?" If he *could* have been thinking of the schools, while he was writing this song, we cannot say "canit *indoctum*." E.

TO

ROSA.

LIKE one who trusts to summer skies,
And puts his little bark to sea,
Is he who, lur'd by smiling eyes,
Consigns his simple heart to thee.

For fickle is the summer wind,
And sadly may the bark be tost;
For thou art sure to change thy mind,
And then the wretched heart is lost!

TO

ROSA.

OH! why should the girl of my soul be in tears
At a meeting of rapture like this,
When the glooms of the past and the sorrow of years
Have been paid by a moment of bliss?

Are they shed for that moment of blissful delight,
Which dwells on her memory yet?
Do they flow, like the dews of the amorous night,
From the warmth of the sun that has set?

Oh! sweet is the tear on that languishing smile,
That smile which is loveliest then;
And if such are the drops that delight can beguile,
Thou shalt weep them again and again!

RONDEAU.

"GOOD night! good night!"—and is it so,
And must I from my Rosa go?
Oh! Rosa, say "Good night!" once more,
And I'll repeat it o'er and o'er,
Till the first glance of dawning light
Shall find us saying, still, "Good night!"

And still "Good night," my Rosa say—
But whisper still "A minute stay;"
And I will stay, and every minute
Shall have an age of rapture in it!
We'll kiss and kiss in quick delight,
And murmur, while we kiss, "Good night!"

"Good night!" you'll murmur with a sigh,
And tell me it is time to fly:
And I will vow to kiss no more,
Yet kiss you closer than before,
Till slumber seal our weary sight,
And then, my love! my soul! Good night!

AN ARGUMENT

TO ANY

PHYLLIS OR CHLOE.

I'VE oft been told by learned friars,
That wishing and the crime are one,
And Heaven punishes desires
As much as if the deed were done.

If wishing damns us, you and I
Are damn'd to all our heart's content;
Come, then, at least we may enjoy
Some pleasure for our punishment!

TO

ROSA.

WRITTEN DURING ILLNESS.

THE wisest soul, by anguish torn,
Will soon unlearn the lore it knew;
And when the shrining casket's worn,
The gem within will tarnish too!

But love's an essence of the soul,
Which sinks not with this chain of clay;
Which throbs beyond the chill control
Of withering pain or pale decay.

And surely when the touch of Death
Dissolves the spirit's mortal ties,
Love still attends the soaring breath,
And makes it purer for the skies!

Oh! Rosa, when, to seek its sphere,
My soul shall leave this orb of men,
That love, it found so blissful here,
Shall be its best of blisses then!

And, as in fabled dreams of old,
Some airy genius, child of time,
Presided o'er each star that roll'd,
And track'd it through its path sublime;

So thou, fair planet, not unled,
Shalt through thy mortal orbit stray;
Thy lover's shade, divinely wed,
Shall linger round thy wandering way.

Let other spirits range the sky,
And brighten in the solar gem;
I'll bask beneath that lucid eye,
Nor envy worlds of suns to them!

And, oh! if airy shapes may steal,
To mingle with a mortal frame,—
Then, then, my love!—but drop the veil;
Hide, hide from Heav'n the unholy flame.

No!—when that heart shall cease to beat,
And when that breath at length is free;
Then, Rosa, soul to soul we'll meet,
And mingle to eternity!

ANACREONTIQUE.

——— in *lachrymas* verterat omne merum.
TIBULLUS, *Lib. i. Eleg.* 5.

PRESS the grape, and let it pour
Around the board its purple shower;
And while the drops my goblet steep,
I'll think—in *woe* the clusters weep.

Weep on, weep on, my pouting vine!
Heav'n grant no tears, but tears of wine.
Weep on, and as thy sorrows flow,
I'll taste the *luxury of woe!*

ANACREONTIQUE.

FRIEND of my soul; this goblet sip,
'Twill chase that pensive tear;
'Tis not so sweet as woman's lip,
But, oh! 'tis more sincere.
Like her delusive beam,
'Twill steal away thy mind;
But, like Affection's dream,
It leaves no sting behind!

Come, twine the wreath, thy brows to shade,
These flowers were cull'd at noon;
Like woman's love the rose will fade,
But, ah! not half so soon!
For, though the flow'r's decay'd,
Its fragrance is not o'er;
But once when love's betray'd,
The heart can bloom no more!

"Neither do I condemn thee; go, and sin no more."
St. John, chap. viii.

OH! woman, if by simple wile
Thy soul has stray'd from honour's track,
'Tis mercy only can beguile,
By gentle ways, the wanderer back.

The stain that on thy virtue lies,
Wash'd by thy tears, may yet decay,
As clouds that sully morning skies
May all be wept in showers away.

Go, go—be innocent, and live—
The tongues of men may wound thee sore;
But Heav'n in pity can forgive,
And bids thee "go, and sin no more!"

LOVE AND MARRIAGE.

Eque brevi verbo ferre perenne malum.
SECUNDUS, *Eleg.* vii.

STILL the question I must parry,
Still a wayward truant prove;
Where I love, I must not marry,
Where I marry, cannot love.

Were she fairest of creation,
With the least presuming mind;
Learned without affectation,
Not deceitful, yet refin'd;

Wise enough, but never rigid;
Gay, but not too lightly free;
Chaste as snow, and yet not frigid;
Warm, yet satisfied with me:

Were she all this ten times over,
All that heav'n to earth allows;
I should be too much her lover,
Ever to become her spouse.

Love will never bear enslaving,
Summer garments suit him best;
Bliss itself is not worth having,
If we're by compulsion blest.

Then tell me, why, thou child of air!
Does slumber from her eyelids rove?
What is her heart's impassion'd care?
Perhaps, oh! sylph, perhaps 't is *love!*

NONSENSE.

GOOD reader! if you e'er have seen,
When Phœbus hastens to his pillow,
The mermaids, with their tresses green,
Dancing upon the western billow:
If you have seen, at twilight dim,
When the lone spirit's vesper hymn
Floats wild along the winding shore:
If you have seen, through mist of eve,
The fairy train their ringlets weave,
Glancing along the spangled green:
If you have seen all this, and more,
God bless me! what a deal you 've seen!

TO

JULIA.

ON HER BIRTH-DAY.

WHEN Time was entwining the garland of years,
Which to crown my beloved was given;
Though some of the leaves might be sullied with tears,
Yet the flow'rs were all gather'd in heaven!

And long may this garland be sweet to the eye,
May its verdure for ever be new;
Young Love shall enrich it with many a sigh,
And Pity shall nurse it with dew!

ELEGIAC STANZAS *.

HOW sweetly could I lay my head
Within the cold grave's silent breast,
Where Sorrow's tears no more are shed,
No more the ills of life molest.

* This poem and some others of the same pensive cast, we may suppose, were the result of the *fewe* melancholy moments which a life so short and so pleasant as that of the author could have allowed. E.

For, ah! my heart, how very soon
The glittering dreams of youth are paſt!
And, long before it reach its noon,
The sun of life is overcast.

TO

ROSA.

A far conserva, e cumulo d'amanti.
PASTO FID.

AND are you then a thing of art,
Seducing all, and loving none:
And have I strove to gain a heart
Which every coxcomb thinks his own?

And do you, like the dotard's fire,
Which powerless of enjoying any,
Feeds its abortive, sick desire,
By trifling impotent with many;

Do you thus seek to flirt a number,
And through a round of danglers run,
Because your heart's insipid slumber
Could never wake to *feel* for *one*?

Tell me at once if this be true,
And I shall calm my jealous breast,
Shall learn to join the dangling crew,
And share your simpers with the rest.

But if your heart be not so free,
Oh! if another share that heart,
Tell not the damning tale to me,
But mingle mercy with your art.

I'd rather think you black as hell
Than find you to be all divine,
And know that heart could love so well,
Yet know that heart would *not* be mine!

LOVE IN A STORM.

Quam juvat immites ventos audiré cubantem,
Et dominam tenero continuisse sinu.

TIBULLUS.

LOUD sung the wind in the ruins above,
Which murmur'd the warnings of Time o'er our head;
While fearless we offer'd devotions to love,
The rude rock our pillow, the rushes our bed!

Damp was the chill of the wintery air,
But it made us cling closer, and warmly unite;
Dread was the lightning, and horrid its glare,
But it show'd me my Julia in languid delight.

To my bosom she nestled, and felt not a fear,
Though the shower did beat, and the tempest did frown;
Her sighs were as sweet, and her murmurs as dear,
As if she lay lull'd on a pillow of down!

SONG.

JESSY on a bank was sleeping,
A flow'r beneath her bosom lay;
Love, upon her slumber creeping,
Stole the flow'r, and flew away!

Pity, then, poor Jessy's ruin,
Who, becalm'd by slumber's wing,
Never felt what Love was doing—
Never dream'd of such a thing!

THE SURPRISE.

CHLORIS, I swear by all I ever swore,
That from this hour I shall not love thee more.—
"What! love no more? Oh! why this alter'd "vow?"
Because I *cannot* love thee *more*—than *now!*

TO

A SLEEPING MAID.

WAKE, my life! thy lover's arms
Are twin'd around thy sleeping charms:
Wake, my love, and let desire
Kindle those opening orbs of fire.

Yet, sweetest, though the bliss delight thee,
If the guilt, the shame affright thee,
Still those orbs in darkness keep;
Sleep, my girl, or *seem to sleep.*

TO

PHILLIS.

PHILLIS, you little rosy rake,
That heart of yours I long to rifle;
Come, give it me, and do not make
So much ado about *a trifle!*

SONG.

WHEN the heart's feeling
Burns with concealing,
Glances will tell what we fear to confess:
Oh! what an anguish
Silent to languish,
Could we not look all we wish to express!

When half-expiring,
Restless, desiring,
Lovers wish something, but must not say what,
Looks tell the wanting,
Looks tell the granting,
Looks betray all that the heart would be at.

A BALLAD.*

THOU hast sent me a flowery band,
And told me 'twas fresh from the field;
That the leaves were untouch'd by the hand,
And the purest of odours would yield.

And indeed it is fragrant and fair;
But, if it were handled by thee,
It would bloom with a livelier air,
And would surely be sweeter to me!

Then take it, and let it entwine
Thy tresses, so flowing and bright;
And each little flowret will shine
More rich than a gem to my sight.

Let the odorous gale of thy breath
Embalm it with many a sigh;
Nay, let it be wither'd to death
Beneath the warm noon of thine eye.

* This ballad was probably suggested by the following epigram in MARTIAL:

Intactas quare mittis mihi, Pœlla, coronas,
A te vexatas malo tenere rosas. *Epig. xc. Lib.* II.

EDITOR.

And, instead of the dew that it bears,
The dew dropping fresh from the tree;
On its leaves let me number the tears
That Affection has stolen from thee!

TO

MRS. ———,

ON HER BEAUTIFUL TRANSLATION OF

VOITURE'S KISS.

Mon ame sur mon lèvre étoit lors toute entière,
Pour savourer le miel qui sur la votre étoit;
Mais en me retirant, elle resta derrière,
Tant de ce doux plaisir l'amorce l'arrestoit.

VOITURE.

HOW heav'nly was the poet's doom,
To breathe his spirit through a kiss;
And lose within so sweet a tomb
The trembling messenger of bliss!

And, ah! his soul return'd to feel
That it *again* could ravish'd be;
For in the kiss that thou didst steal,
His life and soul have fled to thee!

TO

A LADY,

ON HER SINGING.

THY song has taught my heart to feel
Those soothing thoughts of heavenly love,
Which o'er the sainted spirits steal,
When listening to the spheres above!

When, tir'd of life and misery,
I wish to sigh my latest breath,
Oh! Ema, I will fly to thee,
And thou shalt sing me into death!

And, if along thy lip and cheek
That smile of heav'nly softness play,
Which, ah! forgive a heart that 's weak,
So oft has stol'n my mind away;

Thou 'lt seem an angel of the sky,
That comes to charm me into bliss;
I'll gaze and die—who would not die,
If death were half so sweet as this?

A DREAM.

I THOUGHT this heart consuming lay
On Cupid's burning shrine;
I thought he stole thy heart away,
And plac'd it near to mine.

I saw thy heart begin to melt,
Like ice before the sun,
Till both a glow congenial felt,
And mingled into one!

WRITTEN IN A COMMON-PLACE BOOK, CALLED "THE BOOK OF FOLLIES," TO WHICH EVERY ONE THAT OPENED IT SHOULD CONTRIBUTE SOMETHING.

TO THE BOOK OF FOLLIES.

THIS tribute's from a wretched elf,
Who hails thee, emblem of himself!
The book of life, which I have trac'd,
Has been, like thee, a motley waste
Of follies, scribbled o'er and o'er,
One folly bringing hundreds more.

Some have indeed been writ so neat,
In characters so fair, so sweet,
That those who judge not too severely,
Have said they lov'd such follies dearly!
Yet still, oh! book, the allusion stands,
For these were penn'd by *female* hands;
The rest, alas! I own the truth,
Have all been scribbled so uncouth,
That Prudence, with a withering look,
Disdainful flings away the book!
Like thine, its pages here and there
Have oft been stain'd with blots of care;
And sometimes hours of peace, I own,
Upon some fairer leaves have shone,
White as the snowings of that heaven,
By which those hours of peace were given.
But now no longer—such, oh! such
The blast of Disappointment's touch!
No longer now those hours appear;
Each leaf is sullied by a tear!
Blank, blank is every page with care,
Not ev'n a folly brightens there!
Will they yet brighten?—Never, never!
Then *shut the book*, oh God! for ever!

WRITTEN IN THE SAME,

TO THE

PRETTY LITTLE MRS. ——.

IMPROMPTU.

THIS journal of folly 's an emblem of me,
But what book shall we find emblematic of thee?
Oh! shall we not say thou art *Love's duodecimo?*
None can be prettier, few can be less, you know.
Such a volume in sheets were a volume of charms;
Or if *bound*, it should only be *bound in our arms!*

SONG.

DEAR! in pity do not speak;
In your eyes I read it all,
In the flushing of your cheek,
In those tears that fall.
Yes, yes, my soul! I see
You love, you live for only me!

Beam, yet beam that killing eye,
Bid me expire in luscious pain;
But kiss me, kiss me while I die,
And oh! I live again!
Still, my love, with looking kill,
And oh! revive with kisses still!

THE TEAR.

ON beds of snow the moonbeam slept,
And chilly was the midnight gloom,
When by the damp grave Ellen wept,
Sweet maid! it was her Lindor's tomb.

A warm tear gush'd, the wintery air
Congeal'd it as it flow'd away:
All night it lay an ice-drop there,
At morn it glitter'd in the ray!

An angel, wandering from her sphere,
Who saw this bright, this frozen gem,
To dew-ey'd Pity brought the tear,
And hung it on her diadem!

TO ——.

In bona cur quisquam tertius ista venit?
OVID.

So Rosa turns her back on me,
Thou walking monument! for thee,
Whose visage, like a grave-stone scribbled,
With vanity bedaub'd, befribbled,
Tells only to the *reading* eye,
That underneath corrupting lie
Within thy heart's contagious tomb,
(As in a cemetery's gloom)
Suspicion, rankling to infection,
And all the worms of black reflection!

And thou art Rosa's dear elect,
And thou hast won the lovely trifle;
And I must bear repulse, neglect,
And I must all my anguish stifle:

While thou for ever linger'st nigh,
Scowling, muttering, gloating, mumming,
Like some sharp, busy, fretful fly,
About a twinkling taper humming.

TO

JULIA,

WEEPING.

OH! if your tears are given to care,
If real woe disturbs your peace,
Come to my bosom, weeping fair!
And I will bid your weeping cease.

But if with Fancy's vision'd fears,
With dreams of woe your bosom thrill;
You look so lovely in your tears,
That I must bid you drop them still!

SONG.

HAVE you not seen the timid tear
Steal trembling from mine eye?
Have you not mark'd the flush of fear,
Or caught the murmur'd sigh?
And can you think my love is chill,
Nor fix'd on you alone?
And can you rend, my doubting still,
A heart so much your own?

To you my soul's affections move
  Devoutly, warmly true;
My life has been a task of love,
  One long, long thought of you.
If all your tender faith is o'er,
  If still my truth you 'll try,
Alas! I know but *one* proof more,
  I 'll bless your name, and die!

THE SHIELD*.

OH! did you not hear a voice of death?
  And did you not mark the paly form
Which rode on the silver mist of the heath,
  And sung a ghostly dirge in the storm?

Was it a wailing bird of the gloom,
  Which shrieks on the house of woe all night?
Or a shivering fiend, that flew to a tomb
  To howl and to feed till the glance of light?

* This poem is perfectly in the taste of the present —"his nam plebecula gaudet." E.

'T was *not* the death-bird's cry from the wood,
Nor shivering fiend that hung in the blast;
'T was the shade of Helderic—man of blood—
It screams for the guilt of days that are past!

See! how the red, red lightning strays,
And scares the gliding ghosts of the heath!
Now on the leafless yew it plays,
Where hangs the shield of this son of death!

That shield is blushing with murderous stains,
Long has it hung from the cold yew's spray;
It is blown by storms and wash'd by rains,
But neither can take the blood away!

Oft by that yew, on the blasted field,
Demons dance to the red moon's light,
While the damp boughs creak, and the swinging shield
Sings to the raving spirit of night!

MRS. ——.

YES, Heav'n can witness how I strove
To love thee with a spirit's love;
To make thy purer wish my own,
And mingle with thy mind alone.
Oh! I appeal to those pure dreams
In which my soul has hung on thee,
And I've forgot thy witching form,
And I've forgot the liquid beams
That eye effuses thrilling warm—
Yes, yes, forgot each sensual charm,
Each mad'ning spell of luxury,
That could seduce my soul's desires,
And bid it throb with guiltier fires.
Such *was* my love, and many a time,
When sleep has giv'n thee to my breast,
And thou hast seem'd to share the crime,
Which made thy lover wildly blest;
Ev'n then, in all that rich delusion,
When, by voluptuous visions fir'd,
My soul in rapture's warm confusion,
Has on a phantom's lip expir'd!
Ev'n *then* some purer thoughts would steal
Amid my senses' warm excess,
And at the moment—oh! ev'n *then*
've started from thy melting press,

And blush'd for all I 've dar'd to feel,
Yet sigh'd to feel it all again!
Such *was* my love, and still, oh! still
I might have calm'd the unholy thrill;
My heart might be a taintless shrine,
And thou its votive saint should be;
There, there I 'd make thee all divine,
Myself divine in honouring thee.
But oh! that night, that fatal night,
When, both bewilder'd, both betray'd,
We sunk beneath the flow of soul,
Which for a moment mock'd control,
And on the dangerous kiss delay'd,
And almost yielded to delight!
God! how I wish'd, in that wild hour,
That lips alone, thus stamp'd with heat,
Had for a moment all the power
To make our souls effusing meet!
That we might mingle by the breath
In all of love's delicious death;
And in a kiss at once be blest,
As, oh! we trembled at the rest!
Pity me, love, I 'll pity thee,
If thou indeed hast felt like me!
All, all my bosom's peace is o'er.
At night, which was my hour of calm,
When from the page of classic lore,
From the pure fount of ancient lay,

My soul has drawn the placid balm,
Which charm'd its little griefs away;
Ah! there I find that balm no more.
Those spells, which make us oft forget
The fleeting troubles of the day,
In deeper sorrows only whet
The stings they cannot tear away.
When to my pillow rack'd I fly
With wearied sense and wakeful eye,
While my brain maddens, where, oh! where
Is that serene, consoling pray'r,
Which once has harbinger'd my rest,
When the still, soothing voice of Heaven
Has seem'd to whisper in my breast,
"Sleep on, thy errors are forgiven!"
No, though I still in semblance pray,
My thoughts are wandering far away,
And ev'n the name of Deity
Is murmur'd out in sighs for thee! *

* This irregular recurrence of the rhymes is adopted from the light poetry of the French, and is, I think, particularly suited to express the varieties of feeling. In gentler emotions the verse may flow periodic and regular; and in the transition to violent passion, can assume all the animated abruptness of blank verse. Besides, by dispensing with the limits of distich and stanza, it allows an interesting suspension of the sentiment. E.

ELEGIAC STANZAS:

SUPPOSED TO BE WRITTEN BY JULIA,

ON THE DEATH OF HER BROTHER.

THOUGH sorrow long has worn my heart,
Though every day I 've counted o'er,
Has brought a new and quick'ning smart
To wounds that rankled fresh before;

Though in my earliest life bereft
Of many a link by nature tied;
Though hope deceiv'd, and pleasure left;
Though friends betray'd, and foes belied;

I still had hopes—for hope will stay
After the sunset of delight,
So like the star which ushers day,
We scarce can think it heralds night!

I hop'd that, after all its strife,
My weary heart at length should rest,
And, fainting from the waves of life,
Find harbour in a brother's breast.

That brother's breast was warm with truth,
  Was bright with honour's purest ray;
He was the dearest, gentlest youth—
  Oh! why then was he torn away?

He should have stay'd, have linger'd here,
  To calm his Julia's every woe;
He should have chas'd each bitter tear,
  And not have caus'd those tears to flow.

We saw his youthful soul expand
  In blooms of genius, nurs'd by taste;
While Science, with a fostering hand,
  Upon his brow her chaplet plac'd.

We saw his gradual op'ning mind
  Enrich'd by all the graces dear;
Enlighten'd, social, and refin'd,
  In friendship firm, in love sincere.

Such was the youth we lov'd so well,
  Such were the hopes that fate denied—
We lov'd, but, ah! we could not tell
  How deep, how dearly, till he died!

Close as the fondest links could strain,
  Twin'd with my very heart he grew;
And by that fate which breaks the chain,
  The heart is almost broken too!

FANNY OF TIMMOL.

A MAIL-COACH ADVENTURE.

Quadrigis petimus bene vivere.
HORACE.

SWEET Fanny of Timmol! when first you came in
To the close little carriage in which I was hurl'd,
I thought to myself, if it were not a sin,
I could teach you the prettiest tricks in the world.

For your dear little lips, to their destiny true,
Seem'd to know they were born for the use of another;
And to put me in mind of what I ought to do,
Were eternally biting and kissing each other!

And then you were darting from eyelids so sly,
Half open, half shutting, such tremulous light:
Let them say what they will, I could read in your eye
More comical things than I ever shall write.

And oft as we mingled our legs and our feet,
I felt a pulsation, and cannot tell whether
In yours or in mine—but I know it was sweet,
And I think we both felt it and trembled together!

At length when arriv'd at our supper we sat,
I heard with a sigh, which had something of pain,
That perhaps our last moment of meeting was that;
And Fanny should go back to Timmol again.

Yet I swore not that I was in love with you, Fanny,
Oh! no, for I felt it could never be true;
I but said what I 've said very often to many—
There's few I would rather be kissing than you!

Then first did I learn that you once had believ'd
Some lover, the dearest and falsest of men;
And so gently you spoke of the youth who deceiv'd,
That I thought you perhaps might be tempted again.

But you told me, that passion a moment amus'd
Was follow'd too oft by an age of repenting;
And check'd me so softly, that, while you refus'd,
Forgive me, dear girl, if I thought 't was consenting!

And still I entreated, and still you denied,
Till I almost was made to believe you sincere;
Though I found that, in bidding me leave you, you sigh'd,
And when you repuls'd me, 't was done with a tear!

In vain did I whisper "There's nobody nigh;"
In vain with the tremors of passion implore;
Your excuse was a kiss, and a tear your reply—
I acknowledg'd them both, and I ask'd for no more.

Was I right?—oh! I cannot believe I was wrong;
Poor Fanny is gone back to Timmol again,
And may Providence guide her uninjur'd along,
Nor scatter her path with repentance and pain.

By Heav'n! I would rather for ever forswear
The elysium that dwells on a beautiful breast,
Than harm for a moment the *peace* that is there,
Or banish the *dove* from so hallow'd a nest!

THE KISS.

GROW to my lip, thou sacred kiss,
On which my soul's beloved swore
That there should come a time of bliss,
When she would mock my hopes no more;
And fancy shall thy glow renew,
In sighs at morn, and dreams at night,
And none shall steal thy holy dew
Till thou 'rt absolv'd by rapture's rite.
Sweet hours that are to make me blest,
Oh! fly, like breezes, to the goal,
And let my love, my more than soul,
Come panting to this fever'd breast;
And while in every glance I drink
The rich o'erflowings of her mind,
Oh! let her all impassion'd sink,
In sweet abandonment resign'd,
Blushing for all our struggles past,
And murmuring "I am thine at last!"

TO ——.

WITH all my soul, then, let us part,
Since both are anxious to be free;
And I will send you home your heart,
If you will send back mine to me.

We 've had some happy hours together,
But joy must often change its wing;
And spring would be but gloomy weather,
If we had nothing else but spring.

'T is not that I expect to find
A more devoted, fond, and true one,
With rosier cheek or sweeter mind—
Enough for me that she 's a new one.

Thus let us leave the bower of love,
Where we have loiter'd long in bliss;
And you may down *that* path-way rove,
While I shall take my way through *this*.

Our hearts have suffer'd little harm
In this short fever of desire;
You have not lost a single charm,
Nor I one spark of feeling fire.

My kisses have not stain'd the rose,
Which Nature hung upon your lip;
And still your sigh with nectar flows
For many a raptur'd soul to sip.

Farewell! and when some other fair
Shall call your wanderer to her arms,
'T will be my luxury to compare
Her spells with your remember'd charms.

"This cheek," I 'll say, "is not so bright
"As one that us'd to meet my kiss;
"This eye has not such liquid light
"As one that us'd to talk of bliss!"

Farewell! and when some future lover
Shall claim the heart which I resign,
And in exulting joys discover
All the charms that once were mine;

I think I should be sweetly blest,
If, in a soft, imperfect sigh,
You 'd say, while to his bosom prest,
He loves not half so well as I!

A REFLECTION AT SEA.

SEE how, beneath the moonbeam's smile,
Yon little billow heaves its breast,
And foams and sparkles for a while,
And murmuring then subsides to rest.

Thus man, the sport of bliss and care,
Rises on Time's eventful sea;
And, having swell'd a moment there,
Thus melts into eternity!

AN INVITATION TO SUPPER.

TO

MRS. ——.

MYSELF, dear Julia, and the sun
Have now two years of rambling run,
And he before his wheels has driven
The grand menagerie of Heaven;
While I have met on earth, I swear,
As many brutes as he has there;
The only diff'rence I can see
Betwixt the flaming god and me,
Is, that his ways are periodic,
And mine, I fear, are simply *oddic*.
But, dearest girl, 't is now a lapse
Of two short years, or less perhaps,
Since you to me, and I to you,
Vow'd to be ever fondly true!
Ah! Julia, those were pleasant times!
You lov'd me for my amorous rhymes;
And I lov'd you because I thought

'T was so delicious to be taught
By such a charming guide as you,
With eyes of fire and lips of dew,
All I had often fancied o'er,
But never, never felt before;
The day flew by, and night was short
For half our blisses, half our sport!

I know not how we chang'd, or why,
Or if the firſt was you or I;
Yet so 't is now, we meet each other,
And I 'm no more than Julia's brother,
While she 's so like my prudent sister,
There 's few would think how close I 've kist her.

But, Julia, let those matters pass,
If you will brim a sparkling glass
To vanish'd hours of true delight,
Come to me after dusk to-night.
I 'll have no other guest to meet you,
But here alone I 'll *tête-à-tête* you
Over a little attic feast,
As full of cordial soul, at least,
As thoſe where Delia met Tibullus,
Or Lesbia wanton'd with Catullus.*

* Cœnam, non sine candidâ puellâ.
CATULLUS, *Carm. xiii.*

I 'll sing you many a roguish sonnet
About it, at it, and upon it;
And songs, address'd as if I lov'd,
To all the girls with whom I 've rov'd.
Come, pr'y thee come, you 'll find me here,
Like Horace, waiting for his dear.†
There shall not be to-night, on earth,
Two souls more elegant in mirth;
And though our hey-day passion 's fled,
The *spirit* of the love that 's dead
Shall hover wanton o'er our head,
Like souls that round the grave will fly,
In which their late possessors lie;
And who, my pretty Julia, knows,
But when our warm remembrance glows,
The *ghost of Love* may act anew,
What Love *when living* us'd to do!

† —— puellam
Ad mediam noctem expecto.
HORACE, *Lib. i. Sat. 5.*

AN

ODE UPON MORNING.

TURN to me, love! the morning rays
Are glowing o'er thy languid charms;
Take one luxurious, parting gaze,
While yet I linger in thine arms.

'T was long before the noon of night
I stole into thy bosom, dear!
And now the glance of dawning light
Has found me still in dalliance here.

Turn to me, love! the trembling gleams
Of morn along thy white neck stray;
Away, away, you envious beams,
I 'll chase you with my lips away!

Oh! is it not divine to think,
While all around were lull'd in night,
While even the planets seem'd to wink,
We kept our vigils of delight!

The heart, that little world of ours,
Unlike the drowsy world of care,
Then, then awak'd its sweetest pow'rs,
And all was animation there!

Kiss me once more, and then I fly,
Our parting would to noon-day last;
There close that languid, trembling eye,
And sweetly dream of all the past!

As soon as night shall fix her seal
Upon the eyes and lips of men,
Oh, dearest! I will panting steal
To nestle in thine arms again!

Our joys shall take their stolen flight;
Secret as those celestial spheres
Which make sweet music all the night
Unheard by drowsy mortal ears!

SONG.*

OH! nothing in life can sadden us
While we have wine and good humour in store;
With this, and a little of love to madden us,
Show me the fool that can labour for more!
Come then, bid Ganymede fill every bowl for you,
Fill them up brimmers and drink as I call;
I 'm going to toast every nymph of my soul for you,
Ay, on my soul, I 'm in love with them all!

Dear creatures! we can't live without them,
They 're all that is sweet and seducing to man;
Looking, sighing about and about them,
We doat on them, die for them, all that we can.

Here 's Phillis, whose innocent bosom
Is always agog for some novel desires;
To-day to get lovers, to-morrow to lose 'em,
Is all that the innocent Phillis requires.

* There are many spurious copies of this song in circulation, and it is universally attributed to a gentleman who has no more right than the Editor of these Poems to any share whatever in the composition. E.

Here 's to the gay little Jessy, who simpers
So vastly good humour'd, whatever is done;
She 'll kiss you, and that without whining or whimpers,
And do what you please with you—all out of fun!
Dear creatures, &c.

A bumper to Fanny—I know you will scorn her,
Because she's a prude, and her nose is so curl'd;
But if ever you chatted with Fan in a corner,
You 'd say she 's the best little girl in the world!
Another to Lyddy, still struggling with duty,
And asking her conscience still, " whether she should;"
While her eyes, in the silent confession of beauty,
Say " Only for *something* I certainly would!"
Dear creatures, &c.

Fill for Chloe, bewitchingly simple,
Who angles the heart without knowing her lure;
Still wounding around with a blush or a dimple,
Nor seeming to feel that she also could cure!
Here 's pious Susan, the saint, who alone, Sir,
Could ever have made me religious outright;
For had I such a dear little saint of my own, Sir,
I 'd pray on my knees to her half the long night!
Dear creatures, &c.

COME, tell me where the maid is found,
Whose heart can love without deceit,
And I will range the world around,
To sigh one moment at her feet.

Oh! tell me, where 's her sainted home,
What air receives her blessed sigh,
A pilgrimage of years I'll roam
To catch one sparkle of her eye!

And if her cheek be rosy bright,
While truth within her bosom lies,
I 'll gaze upon her morn and night,
Till my heart leave me through my eyes!

Show me on earth a thing so rare,
I 'll own all miracles are true,
To make one maid sincere and fair,
Oh! 'tis the utmost Heav'n can do!

SONG.*

SWEETEST love! I 'll not forget thee,
Time shall only teach my heart,
Fonder, warmer to regret thee,
Lovely, gentle as thou art!
Farewell Bessy!

Yet, oh! yet again we 'll meet, love,
And repose our hearts at last;
Oh! sure 't will then be sweet, love,
Calm to think on sorrows past.
Farewell Bessy!

Yes, my girl, the distant blessing
May n't be always sought in vain;
And the moment of possessing—
Will it not, love, repay our pain?
Farewell Bessy!

* All these songs were adapted to airs which Mr. Little composed, and sometimes sang for his friends: this may account for the peculiarity of metre observable in many of them. EDITOR.

Still I feel my heart is breaking,
When I think I stray from thee,
Round the world that quiet seeking,
Which I fear is not for me!
Farewell Bessy!

Calm to peace thy lover's bosom—
Can it, dearest, must it be?
Thou within an hour shalt lose him,
He for ever loses thee!
Farewell Bessy!

SONG.

IF I swear by that eye, you 'll allow
Its look is so shifting and new,
That the oath I might take on it now,
The very next glance would undo!

Those babies that nestle so sly,
Such different arrows have got,
That an oath on the glance of an eye
Such as yours, may be off in a shot!

Should I swear by the dew on your lip,
  Though each moment the treasure renews,
If my constancy wishes to trip,
  I may kiss off the oath when I choose!

Or a sigh may disperse from that flow'r
  The dew and the oath that are there;
And I 'd make a new vow ev'ry hour,
  To lose them so sweetly in air!

But clear up the heav'n of your brow,
  Nor fancy my faith is a feather;
On my heart I will pledge you my vow,
  And they both must be broken together!

JULIA'S KISS.

WHEN infant Bliss in roses slept,
Cupid upon his slumber crept,
And while a balmy sigh he stole
Exhaling from the infant's soul,
He smiling said, "With this, with this
"I 'll scent my Julia's burning kiss!"

Nay more, he stole to Venus' bed,
Ere yet the sanguine flush had fled,
Which Love's divinest, dearest flame
Had kindled through her panting frame.
Her soul still dwelt on memory's themes,
Still floated in voluptuous dreams,
And every joy she felt before
In slumber now was acting o'er.
From her ripe lips, which seem'd to thrill
As in the war of kisses still,
And amorous to each other clung,
He stole the dew that trembling hung,
And smiling said, "With this, with this
"I 'll bathe my Julia's burning kiss!"

TO ——.

REMEMBER him thou leav'st behind,
Whose heart is warmly bound to thee,
Close as the tenderest links can bind
A heart as warm as heart can be.

Oh! I had long in freedom rov'd,
Though many seem'd my soul to share;
'T was passion when I thought I lov'd,
'T was fancy when I thought them fair.

Ev'n she, my muse's early theme,
Beguil'd me only while she warm'd;
'T was young desire that fed the dream,
And reason broke what passion form'd.

But thou—ah! better had it been
If I had still in freedom rov'd,
If I had ne'er thy beauties seen,
For then I never should have lov'd!

Then all the pain which lovers feel
Had never to my heart been known;
But ah! the joys which lovers steal,
Should they have ever been my own?

Oh! trust me, when I swear thee this,
Dearest! the pain of loving thee,
The very pain is sweeter bliss
Than passion's wildest ecstacy!

That little cage I would not part,
In which my soul is prison'd now,
For the most light and winged heart
That wantons on the passing vow.

Still, my belov'd! still keep in mind,
However far remov'd from me,
That there is one thou leav'st behind,
Whose heart respires for only thee!

And though ungenial ties have bound
Thy fate unto another's care;
That arm, which clasps thy bosom round,
Cannot confine the heart that's there.

No, no! that heart is only mine
By ties all other ties above,
For I have wed it at a shrine
Where we have had no priest but love!

SONG.

FLY from the world, oh! Bessy, to me,
Thou 'lt never find any sincerer;
I 'll give up the world, oh! Bessy, for thee,
I can never meet any that's dearer!
Then tell me no more, with a tear and a sigh,
That our loves will be censur'd by many;
All, all have their follies, and who will deny
That ours is the sweetest of any?

When your lip has met mine, in abandonment sweet,
Have we felt as if virtue forbid it?
Have we felt as if heaven denied them to meet?
No, rather 't was heaven that did it!
So innocent, love, is the pleasure we sip,
So little of guilt is there in it,
That I wish all my errors were lodg'd on your lip,
And I'd kiss them away in a minute!

Then come to your lover, oh! fly to his shed,
From a world which I know thou despisest;
And slumber will hover as light on our bed
As e'er on the couch of the wisest!
And when o'er our pillow the tempest is driven,
And thou, pretty innocent, fearest,
I 'll tell thee, it is not the chiding of heaven,
'T is only our lullaby, dearest!

And oh! when we lie on our death-bed, my love,
Looking back on the scene of our errors;
A sigh from my Bessy shall plead then above,
And death be disarm'd of his terrors!
And each to the other embracing will say,
"Farewell!—let us hope we 're forgiven!"
Thy last fading glance will illumine the way,
And a kiss be our passport to heaven!

SONG.

THINK on that look, of humid ray,
Which for a moment mix'd with mine,
And for that moment seem'd to say,
"I dare not, or I would be thine!"

Think, think on every smile and glance,
On all thou hast to charm and move;
And then forgive my bosom's trance,
And tell me 'tis not sin to love!

Oh! *not* to love thee were the sin,
For sure if heav'n's decrees be done,
Thou, thou art destin'd still to win,
As I was destin'd to be won!

SONG.

A CAPTIVE thus to thee, my girl,
How sweetly shall I pass my age,
Contented, like the playful squirrel,
To wanton up and down my cage.

When death shall envy joy like this,
And come to shade our sunny weather,
Be our last sigh the sigh of bliss,
And both our souls exhal'd together!

THE CATALOGUE.

"COME, tell me," says Rosa, as kissing and kist,
One day she reclin'd on my breast;
"Come tell me the number, repeat me the list
"Of the nymphs you have lov'd and carest."
Oh, Rosa! 't was only thy fancy that rov'd,
My heart at the moment was free;
But I'll tell thee, my girl, how many I've lov'd,
And the number shall finish with thee!

My tutor was Kitty, in infancy wild
She taught me the way to be blest;
She taught me to love her, I lov'd like a child,
But Kitty could fancy the rest.
This lesson of dear and enrapturing lore
I have never forgot, I allow;
I have had it *by rote* very often before,
But never *by heart* till now!

Pretty Martha was next, and my soul was all flame,
But my head was so full of romance,
I fancied her into some chivalry dame,
And I was her knight of the lance!

But Martha was not of this fanciful school,
And she laugh'd at her poor little knight;
While I thought her a goddess, she thought me a fool,
And I 'll swear, *she* was most in the right.

My soul was now calm, till by Cloris's looks
Again I was tempted to rove,
But Cloris, I found, was so learned in books,
That she gave me more logic than love!
So I left this young Sappho, and haften'd to fly
To those sweeter logicians in bliss,
Who argue the point with a soul-telling eye,
And convince us at once with a kiss!

Oh! Susan was then all the world to me,
But Susan was piously given;
And the worst of it was, we could never agree
On the road that was shortest to heaven!
Oh, Susan! I 've said, in the moments of mirth,
What 's devotion to thee or to me?
I devoutly believe there 's a heaven on earth,
And believe that *that* heaven 's in *thee!*

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A FRAGMENT.

TO ———.

'TIS night, the spectred hour is nigh;
Pensive I hear the moaning blast
Passing, with sad sepulchral sigh,
My lyre that hangs neglected by,
And seems to mourn for pleasures past!
That lyre was once attun'd for thee,
To many a lay of fond delight,
When all thy days were giv'n to me,
And mine was every blissful night.
How oft I 've languish'd by thy side,
And while my heart's luxuriant tide
Ran in wild riot through my veins,
I 've wak'd such sweetly-mad'ning strains,
As if by inspiration's fire
My soul was blended with my lyre!
Oh! while in every fainting note
We heard the soul of passion float;
While, in thy blue dissolving glance,
I rapt'ur'd read thy bosom's trance,

I 've sung and trembled, kiss'd and sung,
Till, as we mingle breath with breath,
Thy burning kisses parch my tongue,
My hands drop listless on the lyre,
And, murmuring like a swan in death,
Upon thy bosom I expire!
Yes, I indeed remember well
Those hours of pleasure past and o'er;
Why have I liv'd their sweets to tell,
To tell, but never feel them more!
I should have died, have sweetly died,
In one of those impassion'd dreams,
When languid, silent on thy breast,
Drinking thine eyes' delicious beams,
My soul has flutter'd from its nest,
And on thy lip just parting sigh'd!
Oh! dying thus a death of love,
To heav'n how dearly should I go!
He well might hope for joys above,
Who had begun them here below!

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* * * * * *

SONG.

WHERE is the nymph, whose azure eye
Can shine through rapture's tear?
The sun has sunk, the moon is high,
And yet she comes not here!

Was that her footstep on the hill,
Her voice upon the gale?
No, 'twas the wind, and all is still,
Oh, Maid of Marlivale!

Come to me, love, I 've wander'd far,
'Tis past the promis'd hour;
Come to me, love, the twilight star
Shall guide thee to my bower.

SONG.

WHEN Time, who steals our years away,
Shall steal our pleasures too,
The memory of the past will stay,
And half our joys renew.

Then, Chloe, when thy beauty's flower
Shall feel the wintry air,
Remembrance will recall the hour
When thou alone wert fair!

Then talk no more of future gloom;
Our joys shall always last;
For hope shall brighten days to come,
And memory gild the past!

Come, Chloe, fill the genial bowl,
I drink to love and thee;
Thou never canst decay in soul,
Thou 'lt still be young for me.

And as thy lips the tear-drop chase,
  Which on my cheek they find,
So hope shall steal away the trace
  Which sorrow leaves behind!

Then fill the bowl—away with gloom;
  Our joys shall always last;
For hope shall brighten days to come,
  And memory gild the past!

But mark, at thought of future years,
  When love shall lose its soul,
My Chloe drops her timid tears,
  They mingle with my bowl!

How like this bowl of wine, my fair,
  Our loving life shall fleet,
Though tears may sometimes mingle there,
  The draught will still be sweet!

Then fill the bowl—away with gloom;
  Our joys shall always last;
For hope will brighten days to come,
  And memory gild the past!

THE SHRINE.

TO ———.

MY fates had destin'd me to rove
A long, long pilgrimage of love,
And many an altar on my way
Has lur'd my pious steps to stay;
For, if the saint was young and fair,
I turn'd and sung my vespers there.
This, from a youthful pilgrim's fire,
Is what your pretty saints require;
To pass, nor tell a single bead,
With them would be *profane indeed!*
But trust me, all this young devotion
Was but to keep my zeal in motion,
And, every *humbler altar* past,
I now have reach'd THE SHRINE at last!

REUBEN AND ROSE.

A TALE OF ROMANCE.

THE darkness which hung upon Willumberg's walls,
Has long been remember'd with awe and dismay;
For years not a sunbeam had play'd in its halls,
And it seem'd as shut out from the regions of day!

Though the vallies were brighten'd by many a beam,
Yet none could the woods of the castle illume;
And the lightning, which flash'd on the neighbouring stream,
Flew back, as if fearing to enter the gloom!

"Oh! when shall this horrible darkness disperse?"
Said Willumberg's lord to the seer of the cave;
"It can never dispel," said the wizard of verse,
"Till the bright star of chivalry 's sunk in the wave!"

And who was the bright star of chivalry then?
Who could be but Reuben, the flower of the age!
For Reuben was first in the combat of men,
Though youth had scarce written his name on her page.

For Willumberg's daughter his bosom had beat,
For Rose, who was bright as the spirit of dawn,
When with wand dropping diamonds, and silvery feet,
It walks o'er the flowers of the mountain and lawn!

Must Rose, then, from Reuben so fatally sever?
Sad, sad were the words of the man in the cave,
That darkness should cover the castle for ever,
Or Reuben be sunk in the merciless wave!

She flew to the wizard—"And tell me, oh! tell,
"Shall my Reuben no more be restor'd to my eyes?"
"Yes, yes—when a spirit shall toll the great bell
"Of the mouldering abbey, your Reuben shall rise!"

Twice, thrice he repeated "Your Reuben shall rise,"
And Rose felt a moment's release from her pain;
She wip'd, while she listen'd, the tear from her eyes,
And she hop'd she might yet see her hero again!

Her hero could smile at the terrors of death,
When he felt that he died for the sire of his Rose;
To the Oder he flew, and there plunging beneath,
In the lapse of the billows soon found his repose.

How strangely the order of destiny falls!
Not long in the waters the warrior lay,
When a sunbeam was seen to glance over the walls,
And the castle of Willumberg bask'd in the day!

All, all but the soul of the maid was in light,
There sorrow and terror lay gloomy and blank:
Two days did she wander, and all the long night,
In quest of her love, on the wide river's bank.

Oft, oft did she pause for the toll of the bell,
And she heard but the breathings of night in the air;
Long, long did she gaze on the watery swell,
And she saw but the foam of the white billow there.

And often as midnight its veil would undraw,
As she look'd at the light of the moon in the stream,
She thought 'twas his helmet of silver she saw,
As the curl of the surge glitter'd high in the beam.

And now the third night was begemming the sky,
Poor Rose on the cold dewy margent reclin'd,
There wept till the tear almost froze in her eye,
When hark! 'twas the bell that came deep in the wind!

She startled, and saw, through the glimmering shade,
A form o'er the waters in majesty glide;
She knew 't was her love, though his cheek was decay'd,
And his helmet of silver was wash'd by the tide.

Was this what the seer of the cave had foretold?
Dim, dim through the phantom the moon
shot a gleam;
'T was Reuben, but ah! he was deathly and
cold,
And fleeted away like the spell of a dream!

Twice, thrice did he rise, and as often she thought
From the bank to embrace him, but never, ah!
never!
Then springing beneath, at a billow she caught,
And sunk to repose on its bosom for ever!

THE RING.*

A TALE.

Annulus ille viri.

OVID. Amor. *Lib. ii. Eleg. 15.*

THE happy day at length arriv'd
When Rupert was to wed
The fairest maid in Saxony,
And take her to his bed.

As soon as morn was in the sky,
The feast and sports began;
The men admir'd the happy maid,
The maids the happy man.

* I should be sorry to think that my friend had any serious intentions of frightening the nursery by this story; I rather hope, though the manner of it leads me to doubt, that his design was to ridicule that distempered taste, which prefers these monsters of the fancy to the "speciosa miracula" of true poetic imagination.

I find, by a note in the manuscript, that he met with this story in a German author, Fromman upon Fascination, book iii. part vi. chap. 18. On consulting the work, I perceive that Fromman quotes it from Beluacensis, among many other stories equally diabolical and interesting. E.

In many a sweet device of mirth
The day was pass'd along;
And some the featly dance amus'd,
And some the dulcet song.

The younger maids with Isabel
Disported through the bowers,
And deck'd her robe and crown'd her head
With motley bridal flowers.

The matrons all in rich attire,
Within the castle walls,
Sat listening to the choral strains
That echo'd through the halls.

Young Rupert and his friends repair'd
Unto a spacious court,
To strike the bounding tennis-ball
In feat and manly sport.

The bridegrom on his finger had
The wedding-ring so bright,
Which was to grace the lily hand
Of Isabel that night.

And fearing he might break the gem,
Or lose it in the play,
He look'd around the court, to see
Where he the ring might lay.

Now in the court a statue stood,
Which there full long had been;
It was a Heathen goddess, or
Perhaps a Heathen queen.

Upon its marble finger then
He tried the ring to fix;
And, thinking it was safest there,
Thereon he fasten'd it.

And now the tennis sports went on,
Till they were wearied all,
And messengers announc'd to them
Their dinner in the hall.

Young Rupert for his wedding-ring
Unto the statue went,
But oh! how was he shock'd to find
The marble finger bent!

The hand was clos'd upon the ring
With firm and mighty clasp;
In vain he tried, and tried, and tried,
He could not loose the grasp!

Now sore surpris'd was Rupert's mind,
As well his mind might be;
"I 'll come," quoth he, "at night again,
"When none are here to see."

He went unto the feast, and much
He thought upon his ring;
And much he wonder'd what could mean
So very strange a thing!

The feast was o'er, and to the court
He went without delay,
Resolv'd to break the marble hand,
And force the ring away!

But mark a stranger wonder still,
The ring was there no more;
Yet was the marble hand ungrasp'd,
And open as before!

He search'd the base, and all the court,
And nothing could he find,
But to the castle did return
With sore bewilder'd mind.

Within he found them all in mirth,
The night in dancing flew;
The youth another ring procur'd,
And none th' adventure knew.

And now the priest has join'd their hands,
The hours of love advance!
Rupert almost forgets to think
Upon the morn's mischance.

Within the bed fair Isabel
In blushing sweetness lay,
Like flowers, half-open'd by the dawn,
And waiting for the day.

And Rupert, by her lovely side,
In youthful beauty glows,
Like Phœbus, when he bends to cast
His beams upon a rose!

And here my song should leave them both,
Nor let the rest be told,
But for the horrid, horrid tale
It yet has to unfold!

Soon Rupert, 'twixt his bride and him,
A death-cold carcass found;
He saw it not, but thought he felt
Its arms embrace him round.

He started up, and then return'd,
But found the phantom still;
In vain he shrunk, it clipp'd him round,
With damp and deadly chill!

And when he bent, the earthy lips
A kiss of horror gave;
'T was like the smell from charnel-vaults,
Or from the mouldering grave!

Ill-fated Rupert, wild and loud
Thou criedst to thy wife,
"Oh! save me from this horrid fiend,
"My Isabel! my life!"

But Isabel had nothing seen,
She look'd around in vain;
And much she mourn'd the mad conceit
That rack'd her Rupert's brain.

At length from this invisible
These words to Rupert came;
(Oh God! while he did hear the words,
What terrors shook his frame!)

"Husband! husband! I 've the ring
"Thou gav'st to-day to me;
"And thou 'rt to me for ever wed,
"As I am wed to thee!

And all the night the demon lay
Cold-chilling by his side,
And strain'd him with such deadly grasp,
He thought he should have died!

But when the dawn of day was near,
The horrid phantom fled,
And left the affrighted youth to weep
By Isabel in bed.

All, all that day a gloomy cloud
Was seen on Rupert's brows;
Fair Isabel was likewise sad,
But strove to cheer her spouse.

And, as the day advanc'd, he thought
Of coming night with fear;
Ah! that he must with terror view
The bed that should be dear!

At length the second night arriv'd,
Again their couch they prest;
Poor Rupert hop'd that all was o'er,
And look'd for love and rest.

But oh! when midnight came, again
The fiend was at his side,
And, as it strain'd him in its grasp,
With howl exulting cried,

"Husband! husband! I 've the ring,
"The ring thou gav'st to me;
"And thou 'rt to me for ever wed,
"As I am wed to thee!"

In agony of wild despair,
He started from the bed;
And thus to his bewilder'd wife,
The trembling Rupert said:

"Oh Isabel! dost thou not see
"A shape of horrors here,
"That strains me to the deadly kiss,
"And keeps me from my dear?"

"No, no, my love! my Rupert, I
"No shape of horrors see;
"And much I mourn the phantasy
"That keeps my dear from me!"

This night, just like the night before,
In terrors pass'd away,
Nor did the demon vanish thence
Before the dawn of day.

Says Rupert then, "My Isabel,
"Dear partner of my woe,
"To Father Austin's holy cave
"This instant will I go."

Now Austin was a reverend man,
Who acted wonders maint,
Whom all the country round believ'd
A devil or a saint!

To Father Austin's holy cave
Then Rupert went full straight,
And told him all, and ask'd him how
To remedy his fate.

The Father heard the youth, and then
Retir'd awhile to pray;
And, having pray'd for half an hour,
Return'd, and thus did say:

"There is a place where four roads meet,
"Which I will tell to thee;
"Be there this eve, at fall of night,
"And list what thou shalt see.

"Thou 'lt see a group of figures pass
"In strange disorder'd crowd,
"Travelling by torch-light thro' the roads
"With noises strange and loud;

" And one that 's high above the rest,
" Terrific towering o'er,
" Will make thee know him at a glance,
" So I need say no more.

" To him from me these tablets give,
" They 'll soon be understood;
" Thou need'st not fear, but give them straight,
" I 've scrawl'd them with my blood!"

The night-fall came, and Rupert all
In pale amazement went
To where the cross-roads met, and he
Was by the Father sent.

And lo! a group of figures came
In strange disorder'd crowd,
Travelling by torch-light through the roads,
With noises strange and loud.

And, as the gloomy train advanc'd,
Rupert beheld from far
A female form of wanton mien,
Seated upon a car.

And Rupert, as he gaz'd upon
The loosely-vested dame,
Thought of the marble statue's look,
For hers was just the same.

Behind her walk'd a hideous form,
With eyeballs flashing death;
Whene'er he breath'd, a sulphur'd smoke
Came burning in his breath!

He seem'd the first of all the crowd
Terrific towering o'er;
"Yes, yes," said Rupert, "this is he,
"And I need ask no more.

Then slow he went, and to this fiend
The tablets trembling gave,
Who look'd and read them with a yell
That would disturb the grave.

And when he saw the blood-scrawl'd name,
His eyes with fury shine;
"I thought," cries he, "his time was out,
"But he must soon be mine!"

Then darting at the youth a look,
Which rent his soul with fear,
He went unto the female fiend,
And whisper'd in her ear.

The female fiend no sooner heard,
Than, with reluctant look,
The very ring that Rupert lost,
She from her finger took.

And, giving it unto the youth,
With eyes that breath'd of hell,
She said, in that tremendous voice,
Which he remember'd well:

"In Austin's name take back the ring,
"The ring thou gav'st to me;
"And thou 'rt to me no longer wed,
"Nor longer I to thee."

He took the ring, the rabble pass'd,
He home return'd again;
His wife was then the happiest fair,
The happiest he of men!

SONG.

ON THE BIRTH-DAY OF MRS. ——.

WRITTEN IN IRELAND.

OF all my happiest hours of joy,
And even I have had my measure,
When hearts were full, and ev'ry eye
Has kindled with the beams of pleasure!

Such hours as this I ne'er was given,
So dear to friendship, dear to blisses;
Young Love himself looks down from heaven,
To smile on such a day as this is!

Then oh! my friends, the hour improve,
Let 's feel as if we ne'er could sever;
And may the birth of her we love
Be thus with joy remember'd ever!

Oh! banish ev'ry thought to-night,
Which could disturb our souls' communion;
Abandon'd thus to dear delight,
We 'll ev'n for once forget the Union!

On that let statesmen try their pow'rs,
And tremble o'er the rights they 'd die for;
The union of the soul be ours,
And every union else we sigh for!

Then oh! my friends, this hour improve,
Let 's feel as if we ne'er could sever;
And may the birth of her we love
Be thus with joy remember'd ever!

In every eye around I mark
The feelings of the heart o'erflowing;
From every soul I catch the spark
Of sympathy, in friendship glowing!

Oh! could such moments ever fly,
Oh! that we ne'er were doom'd to lose 'em;
And all as bright as Charlotte's eye,
And all as pure as Charlotte's bosom.

But oh! my friends, this hour improve,
Let 's feel as if we ne'er could sever;
And may the birth of her we love
Be thus with joy remember'd ever!

For me, whate'er my span of years,
  Whatever sun may light my roving;
Whether I waste my life in tears,
  Or live, as now, for mirth and loving!

This day shall come with aspect kind,
  Wherever fate may cast your rover;
He 'll think of those he left behind,
  And drink a health to bliss that 's over!

Then oh! my friends, this hour improve,
  Let 's feel as if we ne'er could sever;
And may the birth of her we love
  Be thus with joy remember'd ever!

TO A BOY,

WITH A WATCH.

WRITTEN FOR A FRIEND.

IS it not sweet, beloved youth!
To rove through Erudition's bowers,
And cull the golden fruits of truth,
And gather Fancy's brilliant flowers?

And is it not more sweet than this,
To feel thy parents' hearts approving,
And pay them back in sums of bliss
The dear, the endless debt of loving?

It must be so to thee, my youth;
With this idea toil is lighter;
This sweetens all the fruits of truth,
And makes the flowers of fancy brighter!

The little gift we send thee, boy,
May sometimes teach thy soul to ponder,
If indolence or siren joy
Should ever tempt that soul to wander.

'T will tell thee that the winged day
Can ne'er be chain'd by man's endeavour;
That life and time shall fade away,
While heav'n and virtue bloom for ever!

FRAGMENTS OF COLLEGE EXERCISES.

Nobilitas sola est atque unica virtus.
JUVENAL.

MARK those proud boasters of a splendid line,
Like gilded ruins, mouldering while they shine.
How heavy sits that weight of alien show,
Like martial helm upon an infant's brow;
Those borrow'd splendours, whose contrasting light
Throws back the native shades in deeper night.

Ask the proud train who glory's shade pursue,
Where are the arts by which that glory grew?
The genuine virtues that with eagle-gaze
Sought young Renown in all her orient blaze!
Where is the heart by chymic truth refin'd,
Th' exploring soul, whose eye had read mankind?
Where are the links that twin'd, with heav'nly art,
His country's interest round the patriot's heart?
Where is the tongue, that scatter'd words of fire?
The spirit, breathing through the poet's lyre?
Do these descend with all that tide of fame
Which vainly waters an unfruitful name?

* * * * * * * * *

Justum bellum quibus necessarium, et pia arma quibus nulla nisi in armis relinquitur spes. LIVY.

* * * * * * * *

IS there no call, no consecrating cause,
Approv'd by heav'n, ordain'd by nature's laws,
Where justice flies the herald of our way,
And truth's pure beams upon the banners play?

Yes, there 's a call sweet as an angel's breath
To slumbering babes, or innocence in death;
And urgent as the tongue of heaven within,
When the mind's balance trembles upon sin.
Oh! 'tis our country's voice, whose claim should meet
An echo in the soul's most deep retreat;
Along the heart's responding string should run,
Nor let a tone there vibrate—but the one!

SONG.*

MARY, I believ'd thee true,
And I was blest in thus believing;
But now I mourn that e'er I knew
A girl so fair and so deceiving!

Few have ever lov'd like me,
Oh! I have lov'd thee too sincerely!
And few have e'er deceiv'd like thee,
Alas! deceiv'd me too severely!

Fare thee well, yet think a while
On one whose bosom bleeds to doubt thee;
Who now would rather trust that smile,
And die with thee than live without thee!

Fare thee well, I'll think of thee,
Thou leav'st me many a bitter token;
For see, distracting woman! see,
My peace is gone, my heart is broken!
Fare thee well!

* I believe these words were adapted by Mr. Little to the pathetic Scotch air "Galla Water." E.

SONG.

WHY does azure deck the sky?
'Tis to be like thy looks of blue;
Why is red the rose's dye?
Because it is thy blushes' hue.
All that 's fair, by love's decree,
Has been made resembling thee!

Why is falling snow so white,
But to be like thy bosom fair?
Why are solar beams so bright?
That they may seem thy golden hair!
All that 's bright, by love's decree,
Has been made resembling thee!

Why are nature's beauties felt?
Oh! 'tis thine in her we see!
Why has music power to melt?
Oh! because it speaks like thee.
All that 's sweet, by love's decree,
Has been made resembling thee!

MORALITY.

A FAMILIAR EPISTLE,

ADDRESSED TO

JOS. AT—NS—N, ESQ. M.R.I.A.*

THOUGH long at school and college dozing
On books of rhyme and books of prosing,
And copying from their moral pages
Fine recipes for forming sages;
Though long with those divines at school,
Who think to make us good by rule;
Who, in methodic forms advancing,
Teaching morality like dancing,
Tell us, for heav'n or money's sake,
What *steps* we are through life to take;
Though thus, my friend, so long employ'd,
And so much midnight oil destroy'd,

* The gentleman to whom this poem is addressed is the author of some esteemed works, and was Mr. Little's most particular friend. I have heard Mr. Little very frequently speak of him as one in whom "the elements were so mixed," that neither in his head or heart had nature left any deficiency. EDITOR.

I must confess, my searches past,
I only learn'd *to doubt* at last.

I find the doctors and the sages
Have differ'd in all climes and ages,
And two in fifty scarce agree
On what is pure morality!
'Tis like the rainbow's shifting zone,
And every vision makes its own.

The doctors of the Porch advise,
As modes of being great and wise,
That we should cease to own or know
The luxuries that from feeling flow.

"Reason alone must claim direction,
"And Apathy 's the soul's perfection.
"Like a dull lake the heart must lie,
"Nor passion's gale nor pleasure's sigh,
"Though heav'n the breeze, the breath supplied,
"Must curl the wave or swell the tide!"

Such was the rigid Zeno's plan
To form his philosophic man;
Such were the modes he taught mankind
To weed the garden of the mind;
They tore away *some weeds*, 'tis true;
But all the *flowers* were ravish'd too!

Now listen to the wily strains
Which, on Cyrené's sandy plains,
When pleasure, nymph with loosen'd zone,
Usurp'd the philosophic throne;
Hear what the courtly Sage's* tongue
To his surrounding pupils sung:

"Pleasure 's the only noble end
"To which all human pow'rs should tend,
"And Virtue gives her heav'nly lore,
"But to make pleasure please us more!
"Wisdom and she were both design'd
"To make the senses more refin'd,
"That man might revel, free from cloying,
"Then most a sage, when most enjoying!"

Is this morality? Oh, no!
E'en I a wiser path could show.
The flow'r within this vase confin'd,
The pure, th' unfading flower of mind,
Must not throw all its sweets away
Upon a mortal mould of clay;
No, no! its richest breath should rise
In virtue's incense to the skies!

But thus it is, all sects we see
Have watch-words of morality;

* Aristippus.

Some cry out Venus, others Jove,
Here 'tis religion, there 'tis love!
But while they thus so wisely wander,
While mystics dream, and doctors ponder,
And some, in dialectics firm,
Seek virtue in a middle term;
While thus they strive, in heav'n's defiance,
To chain morality with science;
The plain, good man, whose actions teach
More virtue than a sect can preach,
Pursues his course, unsagely blest,
His tutor whispering in his breast;
Nor could he act a purer part,
Though he had Tully all by heart;
And when he drops the tear on woe,
He little knows or cares to know
That Epictetus blam'd that tear,
By heav'n approv'd, to virtue dear!

Oh! when I've seen the morning beam
Floating within the dimpled stream;
While Nature, wakening from the night,
Has just put on her robes of light,
Have I, with cold optician's gaze,
Explor'd the *doctrine* of those rays?
No, pedants, I have left to you,
Nicely to separate hue from hue:

Go, give that moment up to art,
When heav'n and nature claim the heart,
And, dull to all their best attraction,
Go—measure *angles* of *refraction!*
While I, in feeling's sweet romance,
Look on each day-beam as a glance
From the great eye of Him above,
Wak'ning his world with looks of love!

A NIGHT THOUGHT.

HOW oft a cloud, with envious veil
Obscures yon bashful light,
Which seems so modestly to steal
Along the waste of night!

'Tis thus the world's obtrusive wrongs
Obscure with malice keen
Some timid heart, which only longs
To live and die unseen!

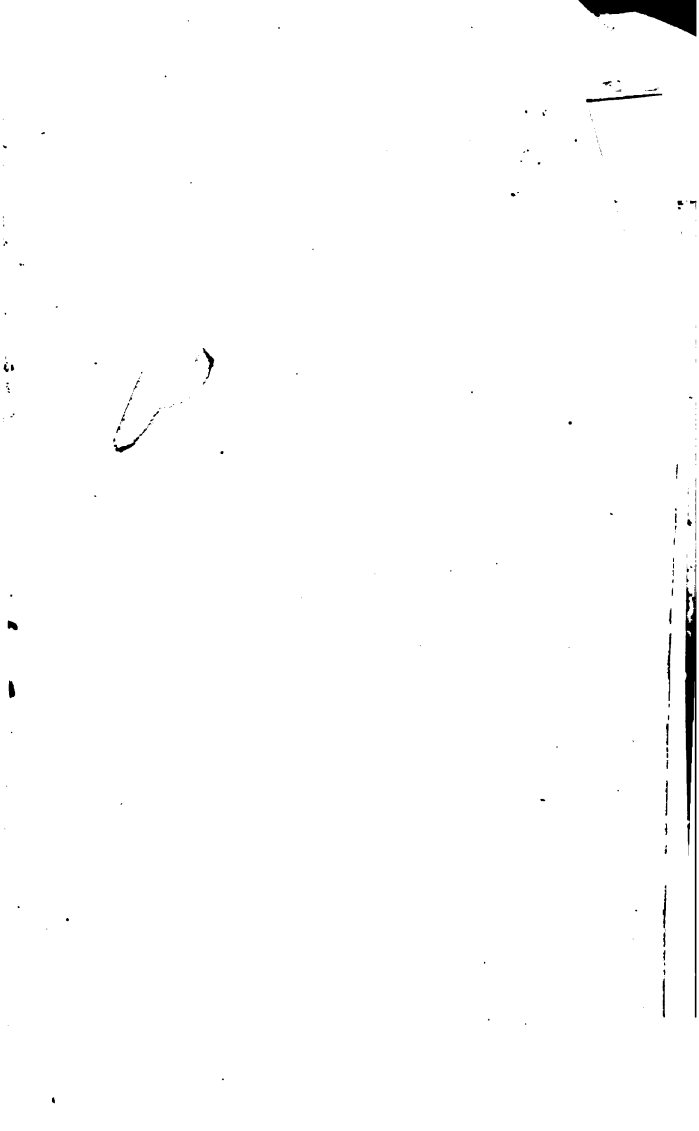
ELEGIAC STANZAS.

Sic juvat perire.

WHEN wearied wretches sink to sleep,
How heavenly soft their slumbers lie!
How sweet is death to those who weep,
To those who weep and long to die!

Saw you the soft and grassy bed,
Where flow'rets deck the green earth's breast?
'Tis there I wish to lay my head,
'Tis there I wish to sleep at rest!

Oh! let not tears embalm my tomb,
None but the dews by twilight given,
Oh! let not sighs disturb the gloom,
None but the whispering winds of heaven!



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